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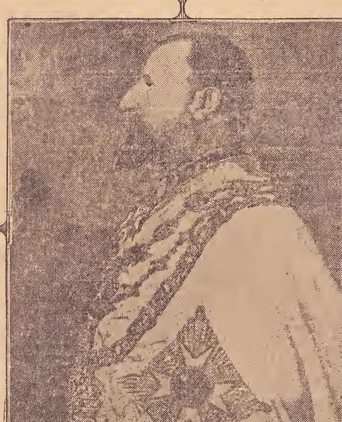
# WHICH SIDE SHOULD BULGARIA TAKE?



(Specially Written for The Family Herald and Weekly Star's War Series.)

Bulgaria showed such military prowess in the Balkan wars, that her appearance on either side in the present conflict would make a decided difference in the final result.

According to her past history she is under great obligations to Russia for favors received, and also to Austria. On the other hand, she has much to avenge herself for on Turkey, and the vindictive vendetta is almost a rule of life in the Balkans.

Could she fight on the same side as Turkey against the Franco-Russian-British alliance? Montenegro is on the side of the Allies, as is Serbia. Both these countries attacked Bulgaria in the second Balkan war!

All sorts of intrigues have been in progress to secure the aid of the Bulgars, on one side or the other. They detest the Austrians for bringing about the second war that robbed them of their bravely won fruits of the first war. But there are the other Balkan kingdoms, their enemies also, opposing Austria, and Russia did not succeed in having justice done to her, as she had probably promised.

The King himself is a German, of the Saxe-Coburg family. But then so is that heroic giant King Albert of Belgium! The days have gone by when royal relationship counted for much in international politics. In fact, so far as the monarchs are concerned this is really a war of cousins against cousins.

Thus the whole subject of Bulgaria and its international importance is interesting, and well worth considering just now.

A finely illustrated and very instructive book has just been published by the Page Company of Boston, Mass., entitled "Bulgaria and Her People," by Will S. Monroe, which has the credit of being the first history of the new Bulgaria to be published in English. It exhibits bias in spots, and is by no means complimentary to Great Britain's diplomacy. But it is well to see ourselves as others see us, and Mr. Monroe has evidently been so assiduous in obtaining the Bulgarian point of view that we may easily forgive any failure to get the viewpoint of other nations.

### An Ancient People.

Says this painstaking authority:

"Little is definitely known concerning the early history of the Bulgars. The country that they occupy today was inhabited at the dawn of the Christian era by ancient Thraco-Illyrian tribes. Herodotus wrote concerning them that 'if they were only ruled by one man, and could only agree among themselves, they would become the greatest of all nations.'"

"It was during the reign of Simeon (893-927), as Gibbon points out, that "Bulgaria assumed a rank among the civilized powers of the earth." This period was the golden age of Bulgarian history. The kingdom extended from the Adriatic to the Black sea, and from the Save river and the Carpathians to Thessaly. Simeon's title was 'tsar of all the Bulgars and the Greeks.'"

Its alliances with Greeks was however fatal to its prosperity. Dissensions between Greek orthodox, Christians, and others arose just when the Kingdom needed to be strongly united, and after years of mismanagement and loss:—

"Stara Zagora and Philippopolis fell into the hands of the Turks in 1362; Sofia was soon captured; and with the fall of the kingdom of Serbia on the plain of Kossovo, the 15th of June, 1389, the Balkan peninsula was doomed to five centuries of Turkish oppression."

### Under Turkish Rule.

As was ever their rule: — "The Turks carried fire and sword throughout the kingdom. They laid waste towns and villages. Churches and monastries were sacked and burned. Fertile plains were converted into desolate wastes. Peasants fled to the mountains or crossed the Danube and found refuge in Russia. Some of the nobles embraced the Moslem religion and were rewarded with place and power for their apostasy. Highways were neglected. Khans and caravanseries fell into ruin. The flower of Bulgarian youth was carried to Constantinople to be trained for the janissaries. The fairest of the maidens of the land were seized to grace the harems of their Turkish masters. Every Christian above the age of fourteen years had to pay a poll tax; there was a tax on every head of cattle, and a tenth of all the products of the soil was claimed by the Ottoman government. Regular payment of taxes was greatly augmented by the irregular extortions of Turkish governors, who were allowed to recoup themselves for the bribes they had paid for their jobs. And worst of all, the peasants were fixed to the soil and required to work a certain number of days each week on the estates of their feudal lords."

What was felt as much as anything else in those early slavery days:

"The entire spiritual government of the Bulgars was turned over to the Greek Phanariotes of Constantinople, for handsome financial considerations, of course! Less than a year after the fall of Tirnovo the venerable Patriarch Eumenius, was expelled, and the Bulgarian see was subordinated to the pathiarch of Constantinople. Greek bishops displaced Bulgarian bishops. Bibles in the Slavic tongue were replaced by the Scriptures in Greek. All offices within the church were for sale, and we hear of Greek barbers and restaurant keepers holding posts as bishops; the ecclesiastical rulers from Constantinople, like the political, having paid dearly for their offices, had to recoup themselves at the expense of their parishioners."

### Bulgaria Result of Russian War.

It was not until the Russian-Turkish war of the last quarter of the last century that Bulgaria escaped from under Turkish rule. As a result in part of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Bulgarian atrocities, an independent Bulgarian Church had been made possible in 1870.

"The year 1878," says Mr. Monroe, "opened with the capture of Sofia by Gurko on the 4th of Janutry; an army composed of Russian and Bulgarian soldiers crossed Shipka pass the 7th of January, and captured a large body of Turkisn troops; Nish and Antivari surrendered the 10th of January; seven days later the army of Suleiman was completely routed near Philippolis; and Adrianople fell the 20th of January. Within a week the Russian troops were marching towards the undefended Turkish capital. The Sultan sued for peace; an armistice was declared, and the treaty of San Stefano, signed the 3rd of March, 1878, brought the Russo-Turkish war to a close."

"The chief feature of the treaty of San Stefano was the rehabilitation of the old Bulgarian kingdom. The big Bulgaria that it created extended from the Danube to Thessaly and embraced most of Albania, Macedonia, and Thrace."

The Berlin Conference, however, overthrew the San Stefano Treaty, and Bulgaria was shorn of great part of these boundaries, and reduced to narrow limits.

### Elected a Battenburg as King.

"A constitutional assembly met at Tirnovo on the 10th of February, 1879, and adopted a constitution for the kingdom, which, with slight modifications, is still in force. On the 29th of April, 1879, the Bulgars unanimously elected Alexander of Battenberg prince of their country."

Russia was the natural protector of the kingdom, and never took very kindly to Alexander, who was a brave soldier, if a timid politician.

A crisis arose a few years later when Eastern Rumelia desired to join Bulgaria. It did not suit Russia to have a too powerful Bulgarian kingdom, and this addition she would certainly not approve.

However:—

"In September, 1885, the Liberals of Eastern Rumelia took matters into their own hands. They took the Governor of the Province captive, and without the loss of a drop of blood they proclaimed the union of Eastern Rumelia with Bulgaria. Even then Prince Alexander hesitated to further incur the bostility of Russia. Stefan Stamboloff, who was later to play such an important role in the history of the young principality, was the president of the national assembly, and he is reported to have told Prince Alexander that he had reached the cross-roads in his career. "One road," he said "leads to Eastern Rumelia, and as much further as God may lead: but the other to the Danube and back to Darmstadt" The prince chose the former, and on the 20th of September he issued a proclamation which declared the union of the two provinces."

At once plans were made to kidnap the King, and get him out of the way, which at last were successful.

"In the early morning of the 21st of August, 1886, a party of conspirators forced entrance into the palace at Sofia, and at the point of a revolver the prince was forced to abdicate and leave the country. The leading conspirators were Clement, the intriguing metropolitan of the Orthodox church, Bendereff, acting minister of war, and Grueff, principal of the military academy. The prince, with an armed military escort, was hastily driven to the Danube, and from the Danube taken to Russia."

### Brought Back Stolen King.

"The metropolitan Clement formed a cabinet of his Russian partisans and issued a proclamation assuring the people that order would promptly be restored and promising them the protection of the Tsar of Russia! Stefan Stamboloff, as president of the national assembly, and Colonel Mutkuroff, as commander of the military forces in the newly acquired province of Eastern Rumelia, issued a counter proclamation: Clement and his colleagues were denounced as traitors, and the Bulgarian people were urged to rally in defence of the throne. The provisional government of Clement and his conspirators was dissolved; a regency was formed until the prince could be found and induced to return.

"The conspirators had taken him to Lemberg, where the Russian authorities had released him. The regency telegraphed him to return at once and resume his post as the rightful ruler of the principality. The prince accepted the offer before the Russian commissioner could forestall him. He returned to Rustchuk, where he was met by the local Russian consul. At the suggestion of the latter he sent a telegram to the Tsar of Russia thanking him for having restored him to the throne of Bulgaria. The servile message read: "Russia gave me my crown; I am ready to return it into the hands of her sovereign."

This caused the undoing of the prince. The Tsar replied: "Cannot approve of your return to Bulgaria. I shall refrain from all interference with the sad state to which Bulgaria has been brought so long as you remain there."

He was forced by Russia to abdicate.

"Europe was ransacked for a candidate, and it was not until the following summer that a royal cadet was found who was willing to accept the crown of the uncertain Bulgarian principality. The grand sobranje met at Tirnovo the 7th of July, 1887, and elected Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha as the sovereign of their country. He accepted the throne, and five weeks later (the 14th of August) took the oath of office at the ancient capital of the Bulgarian tsars."

His first wife was Marie Louise of the Ducal house of Parma, his second the present queen, the popular Eleanora of Reuss Kostritz.

"The bostile Russians hounded Prince Ferdinand and his government. The treaty of Berlin had stipulated that the election of the ruler of Bulgaria by the national assembly must be confirmed by the great powers. Russia refused her consent to the confirmation on the ground that the national assembly which selected Ferdinand had not been legally elected. Desirable as formal recognition may have been to the sense of propriety of the prince, it did not matter a pinch of snuff to the Bulgarian people; and amid enthusiasm, the new sovereign assumed the responsibilities of his crown."

### THE BALKAN WARS.

Space will not permit consideration of the Balkan wars, which are fresh in the remembrance of our readers.

"Fifteen per cent of the total population of the kingdom fought in the first Balkan war"; says our author, "a proportion never reached by any other nation, not even France during the reign of Napoleon."

Of the second Balkan war largely due to German and Austrian intrigues, in the interests of Turkey, Mr. Monroe says:

"It was apparent tbat Bulgaria could not meet successfully the combined armies of five nations—Greece, Servia, Montenegro, Roumania and Turkey. Ferdinand first appealed to Europe and then to the Tsar of Russia to mediate. Mr. Daneff, who had brought the country to the brink of destruction, resigned. An armistice was declared and negotiations were opened at Bucharest the 30th of July. The peace of Bucharest, signed the 10th of August, brought to a close the war of Bulgaria with Serbia, Greece, Montenegro and Roumania; and peace with Turkey was concluded the 29th of September, 1913.

By the conditions of the treaty of Bucharest, Bulgaria was forced to cede to Roumania 2,969 square miles of territory, containing 286,000 inhabitants, all but fifty thousand of whom are Bulgars. The wheat alone from this territory yields eight million dollars a year. Practically all of Macedonia was lost to Greec and Serbia; and the treaty which was signed a few weeks later with Turkey deprived her of most of Thrace. The Bulgars were forced to accept these wicked and unjust treaties under force majeure, opposed as they were on all sides by enemics."

What wonder if Bulgaria should seek to wipe off old scores against her national enemies, by new warlike undertakings?

ANSWERING MACEDONIAN CRY.

Bulgarians on March through Macedonia.

# How Did the Pheasants Know About the Battle?

It has been noted in Great Britain that the heavy cannonading on the Continent, or the impregnating of the air with powder fumes, has interfered with the movements of migratory birds. Some of the usual spring visitors have not appeared at all this year. Others have come at unusual times, and certain varieties did not leave at all last autumn.

How closely rural England watches its feathered population is well shown by a curious correspondence in the London Times, referring to the manner in which the inland districts discovered there had been warlike doings in the North Sea, on the memorable Sunday when the first battle between Dreadnaughts occurred, and the German fleet was defeated.

The Rev. W. M. L. Evans, Rector of Saxby, in writing to the Times, said:

"It may be of interest to Admiral Sir David Beatty to know that a large portion of the population of this remote parish, in spite of the Censor, knew all about his doings on Sunday at an early hour. Our worthy clerk met me with the announcement, 'There be rare goings on in the North Sea the [illegible] Why? 'The pheasants is all [illegible] the place with their fuss'; and [illegible] villagers confirm his statement [illegible] the excited condition of these, [illegible] not least beloved parishioners. [illegible]

"The commotion amongst the pheasants, recorded by the rector of Saxby," says another Times correspondent, "bears a striking resemblance to an incident described in the prologue of R. L. Stevenson's 'Black Arrow,' the scene of which appears to be laid in, or near, the same district.

"'What is it, Appleyard?' asked Dick.

"'Why, the birds,' said Appleyard.

"And, sure enough, over the top of the forest . . . a flight of birds was skimming to and fro, in evident disorder.

"'What of the birds?' said Bennet.

"'Ay!' returned Appleyard, 'y'are a wise man to go to war, Master Bennet. Birds are a good sentry; in forest places they be the first line of battle.'"

Mr. E. Kay Robinson, of Warham, Hampton Wick, says:—"I have no doubt that the waves of sound which affect our ears are preceded by lighter ripples which are caught by the more sensitive ears of creatures whose lives are largely occupied in escaping from danger."

Mrs. Wakeman-Newport writes from Hanley Court, Worcester: "I heard the North Sea cannonade distinctly from here last Sunday morning. My attention in the house was attracted by the great disturbance of the pheasants, and on going outside the guns could he distinctly heard."

The Rev. Charles Kent writes from Merton Rectory, Thetford: "Here, within a few miles of the Zeppelin raid, the pheasants from 8 to 10.45 shrieked themselves hoarse with terror, and surpassed all previous exhibitions of fuss."

Mr. H. Guthrie-Smith writes from Cambridge: "Slight shocks of earthquake are by no means infrequent in my part of New Zealand (Hawke's Bay), and it may interest your readers to know that the pheasant acts as a sort of animated seismometer to record the shocks."

## Russians Had Shod the Flea.

Mr. George Kennan, the well-known Siberian traveller, tells a story of the Tsar summoning a dozen Russian peasants, and exhibiting to them a steel flea of natural size.

It had been made in Germany, and had been sent to him to show the delicacy of the smiths' work. He asked them if any of them could duplicate that steel flea.

They appeared a day or two later, and, with low bows, presented to their Monarch the same flea, but without the expected duplicate.

"Ah!" said the Tsar, "you couldn't make another. I knew you couldn't."

"Will Your Majesty deign to look at the flea through, a magnifying glass," replied the peasants.

A glass was brought, and upon close inspection it was found that the Russian metal workers had shod the German flea with steel shoes.

## Somebody's Son.

Somebody's sons are called to the fight,
Will it be yours, or mine?
Somebody's sons must fight for the right;
Shall it be mine or thine.
Somebody's sons, on their lips a song,
Will march to the front so gay,
Somebody's sons in the passing throng,
How many return, how many stay?

Somebody's husband is among the dead
Will it be yours, or mine?
Somebody's children will beg for bread,
Will it be mine, or thine?
We in our sorrow must walk alone
While deep in our hearts is the prayer,
Ever a cry to the Lord of Hosts,
For courage and strength to bear.

Somebody's lover is coming home,
Will it be yours, or mine?
He saved the flag and honor won,
Will it be mine, or thine?
Eagerly, tenderly, we will welcome them,
And kiss from their tired eyes,
The memories of all the dying men,
The horror that in them lies.

Somebody's son was called to the Cross.
It was not yours or mine.
Did Mary pray in the hour of her loss?
That it be another's son, not mine.
She had her hopes, as we have ours
Her hopes in the grave were laid
Can we do more than give them all
Though death, is the price to be paid.

Banff. —Lorena M. Cook.

"The German prisoner remarked disparagingly to Tommy: 'You fight for money; I'd be ashamed to do that. We fight for honor.' To which Tommy replied calmly, 'Yes, I suppose we're each fighting for what we lack.'"

A QUEENLY NURSE.

Bulgarian Czarina in Last War.

## Dejections.

When a man begins to reason
That we've passed the chilly season
And the sunshine calls on summer to resume
The chances are that sorrow
'll be on his trail to-morrow
With a blizzard bringing round a load of gloom.

When a restful sense delights you
And an easy chair invites you
A crooked pin destroys your chance of rest.
When you've made the final payment
On expensive, stylish raiment
Some one spills a plate of soup upon your chest.

Man's a very futile guesser
And his pride's the predecessor
Of a fall, philosophers have often said;
And an early indication
Of a sad emaciation
Is a tendency to swelling of the head.
—Washington Star.

# Wolfe's Regiment Commemorates His Memory In Its Uniform.

Few Canadians know that the narrow black "worm" round the collars and cuffs of the tunics worn by the officers and men of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, commemorates the death on the Heights of Abraham, Quebec, of their gallant young commander, General Wolfe.

A similar decoration is worn by the Somerset Light Infantry as a mark of mourning for Fontenoy, when the regiment was well-nigh cut to pieces. The sergeants of this latter distinguished corps also possess the privilege of wearing their sashes across their left shoulders, as officers do, instead of over the right shoulder, as is customary with sergeants in all other regiments. This distinction was conferred by the Duke of Cumberland after Culloden.

### The Welsh "Flash."

One curious little item of dress that was once common to all line regiments alike, and which now survives in only one, by whom it is jealously cherished, is the "flash," as it is called; a piece of crape (or rather black ribbon) worn on the back of the tunic, depending centrally from the collar, and which constitutes a portion of the full dress uniform of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Ask any member of this gallant corps the reason for it, and he will answer that it is a mark of mourning for the four hundred odd officers and men of the battalion who fell at the terrible battle of Albuhera. This, however, is in the nature of a regimental tradition.

It is quite true that their loss at Albuhera—Napier's "glorious field of grief"—was as stated. But then other corps also lost as heavily. As a matter of fact the "flash" is merely a glorified survival of the little length of broad black ribbon which was universally used by the soldiers of Marlborough's time in order to keep their greased and powdered pigtails from soiling their blouses!

Because at the battle of Saragossa the 8th Hussars took the belts from the Spanish cavalry, the regiment was permitted to wear the sword belt over the right shoulder, a distinction which earned for them their regimental nickname of "The Cross Belts."

### The Red Hackles.

Similarly, the red hackles in the bonnets of the 42nd Highlanders and the Royal Highlanders of Canada are commemorative of the battle of Guildermalsen; while the men of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry wear a small piece of crimson cloth beneath their cap badges and helmet plates, and a red puggaree round their white helmets when on foreign service, in memory of a plucky act of theirs in the American War of Independence, when they stuck feathers in their shakoes in order to show their contempt for the American General Wayne, who had ordered that and men belonging to their corps taken prisoners were to be summarily executed.

The Gloucestershire Regiment is the only corps in the British Army that is entitled to wear two helmet badges, one in front and the other behind, whence their popular nickname of the "Fore and Afts."

The distinction dates from a battle fought outside the walls of Alexandria on March 21, 1801, when they found themselves unexpectedly attacked in rear while engaged in a stiff hand-to-hand fight in front. Their colonel, however, nothing daunted, merely ordered the rear rank to face about, and thus succeeded in repulsing the enemy in both directions at one and the same time.

### Petticoats in the Navy.

Very few people realize that there was a day when petticoats were worn by soldiers and sailors on board ships of war. In the days before the Royal Marines were regularly established as a separate corps the foot regiments of the line used to take it in turns to serve as Marines on shipboard.

Petticoats were quite commonly worn in the Navy in Nelson's time, having been in vogue there since the days of Queen Elizabeth and our soldiers, being suddenly called upon to do the work of sailors, naturally adopted their dress, finding it, no doubt, far handier and more convenient than their own tight-fitting, frogged and braided uniforms.

LITTLE PONIES AND HANDY MEN ABOUND.

Bulgarian peasants are frugal, industrious, and revengeful, and are fond of their ponies.

# Enemies Up Near the Height of Land.

Surrounded by an impenetrable forest, three feet deep in snow, and with a village of only a hundred inhabitants five miles away as the nearest approach to civilisation, the hundred and sixty Austrians who are now at the new concentration camp at Kapuskasing, or as it has now been renamed, Spirit Lake Camp, in the Abitibi district, are as safe as if they were within prison walls. And they are settling down to their task with a will. A string of box cars, about twenty in number is their home, their kitchens, their stores, and their resting place. They are away from everything except the guards of the composite regiment, who are with them, and who, alone, are provided with snowshoes to enable them to get over the white wastes.

Only once a week does a train steam into the little wooden structure which goes by the name of a station—now being used as headquarters for Major W. Rodden, the camp commandant, and his staff. It comes in on Friday night, and puffs out again on Saturday morning, and travels 160 miles to Cochrane, where it links up with the C.P.R. and Grand Trunk systems.

The temperature up in the Spirit Lake camp is anywhere in the region of thirty or forty below zero, and sometimes it drops to sixty degrees. But the alien enemies who are working up there clearing a road to the lake, and cutting down the trees and underbush, are warm and healthy for they are clothed with special care by the Government. They have sheepskin coats, overshoes, fur caps, heavy woollen underwear, lumbermen's stockings and everything else in keeping with the weather.

It is a happy hunting ground too. Animals in that district have never been trapped, and do not seem much afraid of men. So near could the soldiers get to the large white rabbits that abound in the district that they have been able to shoot them with a revolver, while much good food is obtained by traps. Fresh meat comes out from the village daily, and there are large supplies of all kinds of stores kept in the box cars.

Large wooden fires, and big stoves give to the scene a touch of western camp life, and with twelve sturdy horses to assist in the hauling of the timber from the clearings, the Austrians are making good progress. They are erecting huts, and have already finished one and put up stables for the horses.

PLOUGHING IN BULGARIA.

In many parts of the country agriculture is still in a primitive stage

## Pasteur.

"He led no legions forth to maim and kill;
He burned no city, scarred no fertile farm
With trampling. Nay, he never knew the thrill
Of throbbing drum, of fife, of trump's alarm.

In finding how to lengthen our short days,
In easing human pain, he spent his time
Therefore, proud Clio gives him feeble praise,
And bards neglect him as a theme for rhyme.

But God, who smiles with scornful pity down
On all our foolish ways, knew well his worth,
And crowned him with a brightlier shining crown
Than all the regal diadems of earth.
Bonaparte! Charlemagne! — Oh, what were these
Beside this doughty conqueror of disease?"

—H. Houston Peckham.

## Threnody.

(On losing a long-cherished pair of concave spectacles on a Florida beach).

Thou'rt gone, old comrade! Somewhere in the sands
Remorseless waves are beating thy frail frame.
Thy limpid eyes, so true to my demands,
The cruel sea doth pound and scratch and maim.

'Tis more than twenty years since thou and I
Became a quite inseparable pair
Dead is the master-mind that gauged mine eye—
Dead is the master-hand that ground thee fair.

Thou wert of gold and crystal made without alloy.
Through thee I read the great Ægean bard;
Through thee I viewed the walls of high-towered Troy;
And sapphire seas by Grecian islets starred.

Ne'er didst thou fail me! On Mount Tamalpais
Thy lenses glimpsed the distant Farallones.
We saw, midst lofty Zermatt's edelweiss,
The grandest scene in all earth's varied zones.

But now I, dim, uncertain, grope about,
Seeking instinctively, in vain, thine aid.
From thy chill bed dost thou also reach out,
Longing, old friend, like me, for one estrayed?

This grateful line I pen in recompense
To thee, entombed among the grim sea's dead.
For all thy fealty. May the elements
Be kind to thee, and coral be thy bed!

—Charles Upson Clark.

Some of the prisoners who were landed from the Blucher in Edinburgh would not believe that they had been brought to Edinburgh, "as it is a well-known fact that the Germans occupied Edinburgh in October." They firmly declined to believe anything else until they were shown round.

## From Dan to Beersheba War is Raging.

It is reported from a trustworthy source in Damascus that Zekki Pasha who was recently removed from his post, has issued a proclamation in Damascus, in which it is stated:—"If the enemy (the Allies) bombard the coast towns we shall make no defence but slaughter the Christians and foreigners in the interior."

"The Sheikh at the great Omayyad Mosque in Damascus, after the sermon on Friday," says the Times Cairo correspondent, "took off his turban, threw it down on to the pavement, and cried out to the people 'Tread on it.' All present shouted 'God forbid!'

"The Sheikh continued, 'Yet it is better to tread on my turban than murder in cold blood the Christians who, like us, pay tribute to our Sultan. This war is no Jehad, but one of Christians against Christians, and you must remember that the Prophet forbade us to commit murder, and particularly enjoined upon us to be kind and serviceable to our neighbours.'"

Which, by the way, was a very ugly hit by inference at the Kaiser, whose allies the Turks are carrying out his policy in the Holy Land.

From the other, southern extremity of Palestine comes the news that "Discontent and distress prevail in Syria, as the whole of Canaan and Syria are now called. The fellaheen are suffering from the effects of the mobilization, accompanied by the wholesale requisitions of provisions, livestock, and transport.

"Those ablebodied men who were not called to the colours are now subjected to a corvee. The beasts hired and goods requisitioned are seldom paid for, and the payment sometimes offered is usually far below the value of the goods.

"Thus, the Sheiks of the Beni-Sukhur Beduin were recently ordered to supply 600 camels, the hire offered being a napoleon per camel, but they received only sixty napoleons in all on their arrival at Beersheba. The indignation at this treatment led them to pillage the arms depot at Beersheba and flee with their beasts into the eastern desert, killing several of the soldiers who vainly tried to arrest them at Amman.

"It is only thanks to an excellent harvest that the population are not already suffering from famine."

It is not altogether impossible that good will come to these sacred regions through the war forced upon them by Germany, which may lead to the final expulsion of the hated Turkish invaders, who have held an overlordship there for centuries.

## An Unknown Hero.

A group of patriotic and very enthusiastic boys was assembled around a hoarding outside a well-known London hospital. A passer-by was asked by one of them, "Please, sir, can you tell us which general it is who is in this hospital?"

"General," replied the man, "I don't know of any general in this hospital."

"Oh, yes, sir, look for yourself!" cried all the boys together. The man fixed his gaze on the hoarding and read, "General Lying-in Hospital."

# Fat Farms of Flanders Flooded to Defeat Germans.

"Did you ever, in the most hideous nightmare of your life, dream of what Hades is like, with the River Styx running with dead bodies floating in the stream, and miles and miles of ooze and mud and stench and ruin and desolation all along its shores? If you have, you can picture what things are like here along the Yser, where the Belgian army is fighting the oddest, gruesomest and most frightful battle the world ever has seen.

So writes William Philip Simms, United Press Staff Correspondent, from the Belgian Headquarters in Flanders.

Elsewhere along the great lines of trenches there is slush and mud, for this winter has broken records for rainfall. And everywhere the troops are suffering war at its worst. But the worst conditions at other points would be the best in Flanders, where the whole country is one vast marsh full of wreck and ruin, dead men and dead animals, all putrifying together, where a few months ago were beautiful farms not to be bought for $200 an acre.

Grimly determined to drive the Germans out of their country, a new Belgian army has sprung up. It gets its inspiration from King Albert, who refuses now, as he has refused all along, to acknowledge defeat. To free Belgium or die under its floods is the King's slogan, so his men say, and with him stands every able-boded Belgian facing this scene of surpassing desolation with a fervor almost uncanny.

### Belgian King a God.

The King has become almost a god to the Belgians, patriotism a religion, the army a church, death a glory to aspire to.

When the German advance could not be checked by the worn out Belgians, it was decided to flood the country. The Yser is a small Mississippi in that its bed is higher than the surrounding country. The sea, too, is higher. So the gates in the dykes were raised and the water was let in, flooding and ruin-thousands of fertile farms for years to come.

Slowly but surely the waters rose, trapping the Germans, who bravely fought forward instead of saving themselves, as they so easily could have done by retreating. Belgian officers make no pretence of hiding their praise and admiration of the Germans for this feat.

For two weeks in the rising flood the Germans tried to advance to high ground on the Allies' side of the river, leaving thousands of dead, much ammunition, and stores of all sorts, cannon and transports to be covered by the encroaching river and sea.

A letter found on the body of a dead German officer describes the fighting as far worse than anything he had seen during the battle of the Marne.

"It was simply hell," he said. "The flood all about us, getting deeper all the time, the enemy in front shooting, the dying in bunches, and no help for it at all."

This was how the Germans were checked. Reinforcements brought up on both sides have not materially changed the situation, beyond the steady but necessarily slow driving back of the Teutons.

### Miles of Desolation.

Today the floods have reached their highest. They extend tens of miles in every direction from the Yser. Roads built higher than the countryside criss-cross the inundations like strips of crust across a pie. Here and there are farm houses in ruins, occupying islands scarcely above the water.

Most of the trees are now prone in the mud and ooze, the ground having become too soft to hold the roots firmly. An occasional windmill, like a dead thing, is seen lying on its side in the water. Waggons, carts, caissons of cannon, haymows and what not dot the waste, but as one looks about over the expanse he does not see a single living thing, save a few waterfowl.

This is the scene of the fighting in Flanders. Both the Germans and the Belgians have built up, rather than dug, trenches along the roads, and every intersection is a small fort. Throughout the day the artillery is pounding away but very seldom does the infantry come into action so long as the daylight lasts.

### Gloomiest Spot on Earth.

When they do, it is to fight in water waist deep, with occasional tumbles into the drainage ditches with which the always somewhat wet farms were liberally cut before the war. The slightly wounded fall, strangling to death in the water.

Infantry engagements, because of the floods, must necessarily be along the roads where machine guns play havoc. Surprise attacks are practically imperative, unless a commander wishes to see his men annihilated.

Dark, even stormy, nights are best for this kind of fighting, as a bright moon puts a stop to storming expeditions.

But rain or moon, the night is kept fairly light by means of aerial bombs which the Germans shoot a hundred feet into the air. When they explode noiselessly, they leave a great white luminous ball of fire, making things everywhere as clear as day for nearly a minute. So the Germans guard against surprise attack.

The war in Flanders is a war unto itself. It has rules of its own special to it and applicable to no other part of the line. And dreary! It is the gloomiest spot on earth. One is given the impression that when all living things shall have perished from off the earth, the world will look just as Flanders does today.

### LONDON WOMEN GO IN FOR SOLDIERING.

The women of the Empire are in various ways doing their full share in the war for freedom.

While as many as possible are nursing our brave wounded soldiers on the battlefield, and in hospital at home, or making "comforts" for "Tommy Atkins," and "sailor Jack," there are others who are quite as energetic in preparing themselves to fight shoulder to shoulder in defence of hearth and home, if need be.

The Women's Volunteer Reserve in the old country is doing good work. There is absolutely no necessity for women to drill, but all cannot nurse or knit socks, but all who are strong enough can "join the new army."

Khaki is not available just now owing to the great demand for our troops, but the women-soldiers, usually business women, wear a plain hat, coat, skirt, and gaiters of freize material, in which they look quite smart.

All of them are not typists. Many are shop assistants; at least one big London store is raising a company of its own. Many, again, are teachers. In short, wherever women work one may find a member of the Women's Volunteer Reserve. Rightly or wrongly, working women are said to be rather jealous of their class distinctions. Here, it is certain, there is no aloofness one from the other.

The Reserve is wonderful as a war movement, but it means to be still more wonderful as a movement in peace-time. It has begun in a common effort to face a common peril, and it means to live on as a rallying ground which will attract women from everywhere and snap the tiny social differences between them.

When their two officers arrive these pioneers of fellowship are standing chatting in friendly groups. They spring to the salute, a whistle sounds, with it the command "Fall In!"

Along the hall they stand two deep. "No talking! Ease down to the left," comes the order. Feet shuffle. "Cover off properly in the rear! Number!"

"One! . . . Two! . . . Three! . . . Four! . . ."

For one hour the drill goes on.

"Form fours! . . . Form two deep! . . . . Company—number!" The order is repeated. "Left—turn! Move to the right in fours! No smiling down there! Right!—left turn! . . "

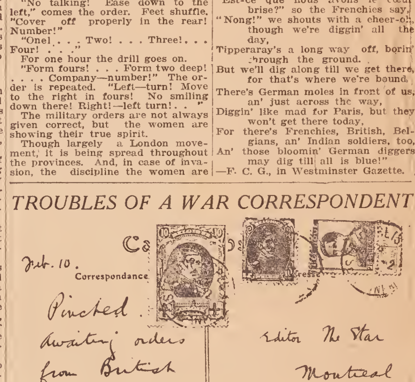
The military orders are not always given correct, but the women are showing their true spirit.

Though largely a London movement, it is being spread throughout the provinces. And, in case of invasion, the discipline the women are trained to, will make them most useful in orderly, despatch-bearing, transport, or other service; even if they never have to shoulder a gun in a battle line.

### THE SAPPER'S SONG.

British 'eroes are we? I wonder you
 don't call us moles,
Crawlin' about in tunnels an' livin' in
 bloomin' 'oles!
Up to the knees in water, an' up to
 the eyes in mud,
Down in the slushy trenches, aye, and
 sometimes we're splashed with
 blood!
There ain't bands o' music, 'xcept
 when a screamin' shell
Bursts with a stink o' sulphur as tho'
 it 'ad come from 'ell!
There ain't no troopin' o' colours nor
 marchin' past parades,
We keeps our rifles 'andy, but we
 does our work with spades!
"Est-ce que nous avons le cœur
 brisé?" so the Frenchies say,
"Nong!" we shouts with a cheer-oh,
 though we're diggin' all the
 day,
Tipperaray's a long way off, borin'
 through the ground.
But we'll dig along till we get there,
 for that's where we're bound.
There's German moles in front of us,
 an' just across the way,
Diggin' like mad for Paris, but they
 won't get there today,
For there's Frenchies, British, Bel-
 gians, an' Indian soldiers, too,
An' those bloomin' German diggers
 may dig till all is blue!"
—F. C. G., in Westminster Gazette.

## TROUBLES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT




These pictures of two sides of a postcard, received at our office last week, tell their own story. For about the tenth time since the war, Mr. Hill, our chief war correspondent, was "pinched" Feb. 10, this time in Havre, as the card shows. Apparently the British Headquarters Staff was easy on him, for he is out again, as his later cable indicates. The picture below shows the town of Havre. Note the interesting fact that, though Havre is in France, the card has Belgian postage stamps. The Belgian Government has its headquarters there.

# Pastures of The Sea Around Canada's Coast.

The drifting life of the sea has for many years occupied the attention of scientists.

Some very interesting studies on marine biology are given in a supplement to the annual report of the Department of Marine and Fisheries. One of these is entitled "The Plankton in St. Andrew's Bay," contributed by A. Willey, D.Sc., F.R.S., Professor of Zoology at McGill University, Montreal.

Few imagine, when crossing the ocean, that the prow of the ship is cleaving its way through teeming myriads of foamlike creatures and that every turn of the screw is a marine catastrophe, bringing sudden death to multitudes of sensitive beings.

That this is a fact is frequently demonstrated in the darkness of the night when the swarm of life approaches nearer the surface which it illuminates by phosphorescent scintillations.

An ingenious method of testing the vitality of the sea from the seemingly unfavorable situation of a passenger on an ocean liner has been adopted in recent years by Professor Herdman of Liverpool, the founder of the successful Marine Biological Station at Port Erin (Isle of Man). The method simply consists in straining the sea-water as it flows from a tap through a silk bag at intervals during a voyage.

### Floating Fauna and Flora.

Even in the daytime, in calm weather, the presence of living matter may be made manifest by the occurrence of smooth oily-looking streaks and patches in the midst of the rippling water. Similar streaks may be observed in the bay of St. Andrews; they are due in part to the tidal currents and in part to the organisms which are contained in them.

The floating fauna and flora of the oceanic and coastal waters constitute what is known as the Plankton or drifting life of the sea.

The scientific interpretation of the Plankton is a physiological problem, and its bearing upon human welfare lies in opening the way to a rational conception of the fertility of the sea.

The principal factor governing the distribution of the organisms of the Plankton is the temperature of the sea; this is even more effectual than the salinity of the water, says Doctor Willey.

### Coastal and Neritic Plankton.

Two kinds of plankton are to be distinguished by their situation, namely, the oceanic and the coastal or neritic plankton. The entire plankton of St. Andrew's Bay, considered as a unit, belongs to the neritic group. These associations naturally merge into one another, but the latter is much the richer. It seems natural to suppose that the oceanic plankton is but an expansion of the neritic plankton, just as southern forms are carried northwards by the Gulf Stream, while northern forms are borne southwards by the Labrador current.

The microscopic plants or algae which make up the phytoplankton are enormously abundant in our region, and as these constitute the fount of all life in the sea, their importance to Canadian fisheries is clear enough.

The economic value of these plankton sea pastures to the country can hardly be overestimated, since human minds refuse to grapple with such problems as are suggested by the financial return of our Atlantic fisheries ever since the days when Basque fishermen in search of codfish anticipated the arrival in those waters of Jacques Cartier, the intrepid discoverer of Canada.

### WINTER.

Oh, the summer's heart is loving in
 the winter's heart is cold,
And winter has no music sweet to
 thrill like summer's song.
So they tell us, but I've reveled in
 his glories manifold,
And my heart by winter's music has
 been made more glad and strong.

Ho for jolly old King Winter with
 his ruddy face aglow,
With the zest and joy of living, and
 his beard all frosted white,
Marching on in strength and vigor,
 covering hill and plain with snow,
Shouting many a merry challenge to
 our hearts to test his might!

Ho for the majestic river lying deep
 and glare and wide,
And the merry shouts of skaters on
 a moonlit winter night!
Ho for symphonies of pine trees
 standing on the broad hillside,
And the jingle of the sleigh-bells on
 the highway hard and white!

Ho for children on the hillside and
 their noisy care-free fun,
And the crust that bears us onward
 over rock and brush and briar!
Ho for shelters in the thickets which
 the bleak north's raiders shun,
And a nook for books and comrades
 and content beside the fire!

Ho for boisterous old King Winter!
 though at times he seems austere,
Round his name entwined I cherish
 many happy memories,
There are joys and charms and beau-
 ties in all seasons of the year,
But not least I love the pleasures of
 the keen white winter days.
—Charles L. Patterson.
N.B.

# Treated French Soldiers to Their Own Champagne.

At places here in the Argonne, writes a war correspondent with the French army, the French and German trenches are so close together that in the weeks the two armies have been thus face to face the soldiers are, after a fashion, personally acquainted with each other.

Here the fighting has become systematized and follows a routine. At certain sections of the trenches, the French and Germans have reached an agreement that before a certain hour in the morning there is to be no killing; in the opposing trenches men are to be allowed to wash up and make their toilet for the day. After the gong taps, figuratively speaking, any head showing above the level of the ground gets promptly taken off.

Rock battles often take place between the opposing sides. The men grow tired of having nothing to shoot at for hours at a time, and in order to amuse themselves they bombard each other without the thrower exposing his person to the bullets of the enemy.

At times the enemies, however, become almost friendly.

"Say, over there!" a German shouted from his trench. "Have you got anything to smoke?"

"Sure!" the chorus came back from the French. "Have you?"

"Not a crumb!"

"Too bad. You ought to write the Kaiser."

"Gimme the makin's."

"Come and get 'em."

A giant of a young fellow stuck his head and shoulders above the ground, placed his hands on the edge of the trench and vaulted out on the side towards the French. A month-old flaxen beard stood out about a very round face. Mud covered his uniform. A little, round visorless fatigue cap made him look like a young Santa Claus. Stooping, he ran swiftly across the highway which separated the trenches at this point, and falling on his stomach, peered down into the enemy's trench.

### "Nerve of a Burglar!"

"Where's the cigars?" he demanded.

"Here they are," a Frenchman replied. "You deserve them. Six, and they're worth a louis apiece."

"Merci!" said the German as he scurried back to his burrow.

"Hey, you Frenchers," the German cried later, "you're a pretty decent lot. I'm going to give you a present, too. Will you shoot me if I come over again?"

Once more the lumbering giant catapulated out of his trench and ran low over to the French, dropping on his stomach as before. In his hand was an object, a dark green one, with tin-foil around the neck. It was a bottle of champagne stolen while the Germans were in Rheims.

"Here's your health, fellows," the German said. "Drink hearty!" and back he ran.

"Hey!" the Frenchmen shouted, laughing. "You've got the nerve of a burglar! You are giving us back our own champagne!"

"Oh, that's all right," the German replied, "your cigars were made in Germany! I recognize the smell."

Later in the day the German was killed and the news was shouted across the road. He simply would keep sticking his head above the trench during business hours. But in the night a wreath of wild flowers, gathered by the Frenchmen from heaven knows where and at no one knows what risks, fell into the trench where he was wont to have his place!

### FRENCH PRINCE IN GERMAN EMPIRE.

A curious question of international law has arisen out of the war in connection with the Principality of Sagan, in Prussian Silesia. The principality is held by a Frenchman as a fief of the German Empire! It is small district embracing twenty-four estates, a large forest, and a castle.

Its foundation goes back to the beginning of the fifteenth century, and it belonged successively to the Bohemian Crown, to the Markgrafs of Brandenburg, the dukes of Saxony, and ultimately to Wallenstein, of the Thirty Years' War fame. In Napoleonic times it passed by marriage to the Talleyrand-Perigord family.

In our own days the principality belonged to Duc Boson de Talleyrand, a great friend of King Edward VII., and on his death, in 1910, the principality passed to his one-year-old nephew, Prince Howard. It is not regarded by the Germans as fit and proper that a Frenchman should hold a fief as prince in the German Empire. It is also anomalous that he should be entitled, as he is, to an hereditary seat in the Prussian House of Lords.

Yet he cannot be dealt with simply as a private holder of property. His dispossession by an act of the Prussian Parliament would be a political act of an international legal character somewhat akin to the deposition of a ruling prince.

# Sidelights On the Great War.

### "Ye're No' the Colonel"

The other day, in a northern camp, writes a retired officer, the sergeant-major, noticing that the man on sentry-go was new to guard work, decided to give the man a friendly hint. The sentry post was just outside the orderly room, and the colonel, an officer of long standing army experience, was known to be especially particular regarding the the smartness of guards and sentries. So the sergeant-major strolled up to the entry.

"Have you seen the colonel here this morning?" he asked.

"Naw," answered the stolid North-country sentry.

"Ah! Well, keep your eyes open for the colonel, now. He's sure to be along this way soon. So watch out, now, and see you let me know afterwards."

Ten minutes later the sergeant-major returned and put the same question again. No, the colonel had not been seen, and the sentry still reflectively chewed his cud, while the sergeant-major disappeared once more upon his business. Presently an officer came hurrying out from the orderly-room. The sentry, after one or two experimental wriggles, remembered his very obvious duty at such moments, and, coming to attention slapped the small of his sloped rifle with his right hand. The colonel paused to speak, like a Dutch uncle, to this very raw hand on the subject of soldierly smartness. The man listened ruminantly. Then, suddenly, a light broke out from his heavy face.

"Aw!" says he. "Ye're no the colonel, are ye?"

"Not the colonel, man! What d'ye mean? Of course, I'm the colonel. Great blankety blank, blank! Don't you know your own colonel yet?"

"Aw! Weel, now, yous take ma teep now, an' get a move on yersel', pretty bright an' lively. Yon fat chap, the sergeant-major they call him, he's lookin' for you, an' he's bin here twice askin' for ye; so ye'd better skip around!"

### Brothers on Opposite Sides.

From a correspondent on the borders of Alsace-Lorraine:—

"Look at that ruined factory," said my guide to me as he pointed to the vestiges of four brick walls near the road. Here, I believe, one of the most thrilling incidents of that struggle took place. I was given the names of two officers. They were both natives of Alsace. One had served thirty-six years in the French colonial army and had risen to the rank of major. His brother was an officer in the German reserve, also with the rank of major, and on the outbreak of the war he returned to Germany.

It was near this factory that the two brothers met, each in command of a detachment. The battle was at its height. They were hardly three hundred yards apart when they recognized each other. The German officer stood tall and defiant on the hillside; his younger brother, the French officer, was below urging on his men. Suddenly one of the officers ordered his men to cease firing. They refused to obey in the heat of the battle, and he thereupon held up his handkerchief. It was struck out of his hand, and he was arrested in the presence of his men. Two days later a courtmartial was held, and the officer who had offered to surrender to his own brother was shot in the presence of the whole battalion.

A strange thing that two brothers fighting on opposite sides should meet in such circumstances. Stranger still that the factory around which the battle was raging was their own!

### Offers Life for Brother's.

A young Frenchman at the front writes to his elder brother:—

"My dear George; Courage? Why of course we will have it! But what I am thinking of at this hour, old man, is you and Raymond. It would be devilish hard to get along without you and I am making a demand on God that if it comes to that it must be me and not yourself. It simply must happen like that, that's all, for you, you lucky rascal, are affianced, and your girl, lucky too, must not be made a widow.

"In my pocket I am carrying letters from all those I love best. Like that I somehow feel that I have them close to me, even here in the trenches. In his letter father says—good Christian that he is—'fix your eyes on the stars, my son, and they will talk to you of God!'

"I'm sorry we are not in the same company, old fellow, but everything will pass off all right and then we will be together again. Anyway we will not recriminate; everything must be as God wills.—Fred"

George and Raymond were killed in action, Fred dangerously wounded, and taken prisoner. Another brother died of wounds, and a fifth has lost a leg!

### Duty to Have Faith.

Last letter from French soldier to his father:—

"I have the fight fever again; I have become a red hot military anew and I shall sleep little tonight, knowing that tomorrow we are to see some real fighting. My lascars are fully uniformed and outfitted now and we are all ready and on tiptoe. We—the officers—fear only one thing, our inability to hold our men back. They will begin charging bayonets while the enemy is a mile off unless we keep them well reined in.

"Dorothy was truly courageous. She is the first girl in the world and I don't deserve such luck. And you, my dear parents, don't be downhearted; on the contrary be gay; be happy because your two sons are doing their duty. You are Christians, are you not? Well, you know it is said that if you have faith even though it be no bigger than a grain of mustard, you can tell the mountain to go and plant itself in the sea and the mountain will do it. What a lesson to learn! And what a duty it is to try to get that amount of faith. Now dear parents, don't be sad. Away with tears! Be joyous, and ask God who holds us all in the hollow of His Hand, to watch over us. Have faith. Au revoir. Your son who loves you tenderly, George."

The Turkish army was the first to possess properly organised military bands. So far back as the sixteenth century each corps of Janissaries had a band comprising at least a dozen instruments, and frequently more. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the Sultan presented Augustus II., king of Poland and elector of Saxony, with a complete Janissary band, and shortly afterwards Frederick II. of Prussia received a similar mark of favor.

# In Lighter Mood

### CONDENSED KNOWLEDGE.

At an examination held at Edinburgh University a student was being examined in physiology. His knowledge was soon gauged by the professor, who rather surprised the young man by asking if he had his card—meaning his matriculation card. The professor in question is one of the most genial men in the University, and the young "med," fancying that he proposed to take some personal interest in him, replied that he had, and at once presented his visiting card.

"Thanks," said the professor, blandly. "Now, will you kindly write on that all you know about physiology."

House Cat (to flock of sparrows): No use sticking around today, birdies—there ain't going to be any crumbs.

One Sparrow: Folks gone away?

House Cat: No; but they are going to have breaded veal chops for tomorrow.

Mrs. Exe—"Did the lawyer for the defence submit you to a cross-examination?"

Mrs. Wye—"No, indeed; he was just as pleasant about it as he could be."

Scribbler—"I've a poem here advocating peace."

Editor—"I suppose that you honestly and sincerely desire peace?"

Scribbler—"Yes, sir."

Editor—"Then burn the poem."

### HIS KNOWLEDGE WAS LIMITED.

The late Congressman W. W. Wedemeyer used to tell a story of rain in the Klondike. He was going up the Yukon, and it drizzled all the way. At one landing a dejected looking "sourdough" stood on the wharf awaiting the boat.

"I say, partner," asked Wedemeyer, "how long has it been raining?"

"Dunno," was the reply, "I've only been here seventeen years."

"Bless me!" said Tommy's grandfather. "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"

"Never!" replied Tommy. "We have moral suasion in our school."

"What's that?"

"Oh, we get kep in, and stood up in corners and locked out and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at; and that's all."

"What are you going to be when you grow up, Frederick?" asked an admiring friend.

"Soldier, of course!" was the brief reply.

"But you might get killed."

"Who'd kill me?"

"The enemy, naturally."

"Then I'll be the enemy!"

Jones—"The way of the transgressor is hard."

Brown—"Yes; but the trouble is it is generally hard on somebody else!"

"He is a self-made man, is he not?"

"Yes, except for the alterations made by his wife and her mother."

### BASE INGRATITUDE.

It was a very hot day, and a picnic had been arranged by the United Society of Lady Vegetarians.

They were comfortably seated, and waiting for the kettle to boil, when, horror of horrors! A savage bull appeared on the scene.

Immediately a wild rush was made for safety, while the raging creature pounded after one lady, who, unfortunately, had a red parasol. By great good fortune she nipped over the stile before it could reach her. Then, regaining her breath, she turned round.

"Oh, you ungrateful creature!" she exclaimed. "Here have I been a vegetarian all my life. There's gratitude for you."

"So Miss Banger played for you? She claims that she can make the piano speak."

"Well, I'll bet if it spoke it would say: 'Woman, you have played me false.'"

"The man who is always punctual in keeping an appointment never loses anything."

"No; only half an hour waiting for the other fellow to show up."

Mistress—"Bridget, it always seems to me that the worst mistresses get the best cooks."

Cook—"Ah, go on wid yer blarney!"

"What do they mean by the horns of a dilemma?"

"Two autos, I suppose, honking at you at once."

# To Mother England--A Good-Bye

"It isna every chicken as'll scrat for the old hen!"—North Staffordshire Proverb.

Come, Lads! Let's go to Mother and
 wish her good-bye!
God knows what she's been to us
 —the making-of-the-pie!
We'll find her up and doing, as busy
 as a bee,
At socks or soup or something, and
 all for you and me!
Ah! There she sits! I told you!
And singing, eh, d'ye ken?
"It isna every chicken as'll scrat for
 the old hen!"

Ah, Mother! You look proudly!—
 You knew that we should come,
Just for a kiss and comfort, before
 we left the home!
We'd love to take your blessing,—
 we know just what you are,
The same old lovely Mother! Same,
 if it's peace or war!
And what were you a-singing when
 we trod down the mat?
Was you the "old hen," Mother?—
 and we the "chicks as scrat"?

My boys, I knew you'd gather to see
 me ere you go,—
I'm not a bit afraid of you to set-
 tle any foe!
I'm trustful and I'm cheery, and
 though my hairs are grey,
My old heart's just as young as
 yours. God guard you all the
 way,
Loving and fit and fearless!—No
 sons like you, I ken!
For it isna every chicken as'll scrat
 for the old hen!

You're all my sons!—I know you!
 Some over oceans come,—
And some I've brought up on my lap
 within the dear old home!
I didn't need to call you! 'Twas
 Duty, Love and Right!
That brings your jolly faces to make
 my old days bright!
The Germans thought you'd leave
 me. They didn't think, d'ye
 ken,
That chickens made-in-England
 would scrat for the old hen!

My boys, fill up your kit-bags! What
 these old hands have made!
'Tis hard life in those trenches, and
 hard death, too, 'tis said!
God bless you ten times over! Fight
 without blot or stain!
I'll keep the old home going till you
 come back again!
Tell them you left me singing, by the
 old hearth they ken,
"It isna every chicken as'll scrat for
 the old hen!"

Mother, our heart's just aching. Lads,
 tumble up and come!
Please God it ain't the last time we
 see the dear old home!
We'd face a gross of Germans,—
 and down them all, no doubt,
But, Mother, with her kisses and
 dear old eyes—it's rout!
Fall in! D'ye hear her, singing by
 the old hearth all ken?
Thank God that we, her chickens
 can scrat for the old hen!

Robert Bateman,
Nunney Delamare, Frome.

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Indian music is now to receive some encouragement. The Governor of Bombay recently opened the new building of the Academy of Indian Music at Bombay. In the course of his speech Lord Willingdon said that ever since he had been in India it had always seemed to him a curious thing that he should see no particular sign of a really keen desire to promote and encourage the art of music in India. He had met many individuals anxiously keen for the development of Indian music, but most of them told him, with what truth he did not know, that in past years Indian music had become a degraded art, and that it is difficult to raise it to the level which it should obtain in this and in every other country.